THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

THE FRIEND OF SOCRATES, THE FRIEND OF PLATO,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF TRUTH.

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For the Observer.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM EUROPE....No. I.

Extract of a letter from an American gentleman travelling in France.

I can promise you more interesting and copious communications after my arrival at Paris...when I have settled myself permanently, and have leisure to scrutinize this strange world with more minuteness, and state with more precision the result of my observations. I have not even commenced a journal as yet, although I have already found matter enough to fill a volume.

I once thought that an individual Frenchman was a subject for much and varied observation, and I have not found that a nation of these extraordinary beings disappointed my expectations.. in every scene through which I pass, I never fail to wish you by my side, my dear *****, in order that we might indulge *entre nous,* in a laugh at the expence of those at whom we have so often laughed in caricature. The dress, manners and conversation of your own fair sex here, are not the least attractive or visible to the eye of a stranger...they are not easily described, but as far as my observation and descriptive powers go, I shall endeavour to delineate them. As my letters of introduction were all to elderly men...and as Mr. **** visits but few ladies, I have not been introduced to more than five or six *belles.* The most ample fields for observation, are the public walks in the centre of the city, where they assemble with their attendant beaux about 7 o'clock in the evening...These walks, much more beautiful and spacious, than any to be found in the United States, are crouded until ten or eleven, and present one of the most diversified and amusing pictures that can be imagined... They are lined with chairs on each side, that are continually filled, by such as either fatigue or convenience induces to sit, so that you have, in walking, an array of *incroyables* on both sides, as well as in front...Their dress, altho' somewhat more grotesque and fantastical, does not appear to me to differ much from your own, and is not so indecent, by any means, as I expected to find it. The wives of the mechanics, and the working women of every description, whom they denominate *grisettes,* have one uniform costume, which amused me a good deal on my first entrance ; a short gown and petticoat, of callico ge-

nerally, and a muslin cap, with long ears, and about half a yard in height...they also frequent the grand parade, as well as the public women, whom by the bye, it is not easy for a foreigner to distinguish from the virtuous part of the community, whatever may be the discrimination of a native. I have often whispered into Desmar***'s ear, what I now repeat to you, that I never saw so ugly an assemblage : perhaps, because I never before witnessed so numerous a collection, in which there must be necessarily, a large infusion of bitter ingredients ; but among thousands, I have scarcely been able to detect a single handsome face. They are generally tall and exceedingly well shaped, inclining however, too much to the *embonpoint*...Many of their forms are indeed faultless, fashioned by the hand of harmony itself, and set off to the best advantage, by waists much longer than those in vogue in America. Good teeth and eyes are the only recommendations of which they can boast in point of face...Their features are for the most part, irregular ; and the predominating hue is saffron for the complexion, and the intertexture of the rose and lily are as rare, as sensibility of heart, modesty of look, or simplicity of manners. I do not think, with all due deference to more acute observers, that if Thomson had confined his rambles to the *Allèe des Fournèes*, or his intercourse with the fair sex to the ladies of *****, he would have ever said much of the "downcast look," "the modest air"—or, "quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush"...None but the lower class ever employ themselves in, what I shall name, culinary occupations...*making mutton pies for instance*...and those of the *haut ton* never look to the domestic œconomy...the whole scope of their education is to enable them

> "To swim along and swell the mazy dance,
> To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn,
> To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page."

The harp and piano are the fashionable instruments of music. The singing which I heard, was accompanied with so much of the pathetico affectuoso, so many horrible contortions of the body and face, that I must confess, notwithstanding my wish to be thought to have *du gout*, I could not relish it. But I am but just setting out on my travels, as Sterne says, and shall learn better as I advance.

I was present, two evenings ago, at a grand opera, in the magnificent theatre of this place, in which the company put forth all their strength. The house was full (a circumstance exceedingly rare) and exhibited a brilliant spectacle. The orchestra is numerous and well filled, but the music of the stage quite tolerable. It is at Paris that the ear is to be delighted. There is now there, a Madam Catalini whose voice and execution are much superior to any that the Parisians have ever enjoyed...she is said to surpass Mrs. Billington...What has most astonished me here, is the dancing. I can convey no idea of the perfection to

which they have attained in this art, because, it is impossible for an American to form an adequate conception of it, without being upon the spot. The women, who are generally the best, appear on the stage with pantaloons, and an apron which reaches somewhat below the knees, and perform feats that are really wonderful. Dancing is the *rage,* and has driven away almost every other species of amusement from the stage.

I have not attempted to contract an acquaintance with any of the young men of this place. There is universally so much pertness of manners and impudence of air among them, that I have been repelled instead of attracted...The fashionable costume is a frock coat, nankeen pantaloons and silk stockings, until about 3 o'clock, when the dinner dress is put on, consisting of a plain coat and breeches... The latter part I have not as yet adopted.

In the prosecution of my business at Paris, I shall be under the necessity of appearing at the levee of the Monseigneur****. No one is admitted unless he is in full dress...that is to say, in satin breeches, a cocked hat, and sword. Picture to yourself then, M****, the commanding martial air, and well proportioned robust limbs of your friend, clothed in this suitable costume, and imagine what a respectable figure he will cut, surrounded by a croud of general officers, many of them the best looking men of the French army, all of them turning their eyes upon him, as he is introduced by a laquais, who throws open a pair of large folding doors, and thunders his name out to the Minister. Poor Desmar*** had to go thro' this ceremonial, and he never mentions it without throwing me into a cold sweat. In this country a man can be received no where without a good wardrobe ; the porter at the door of a great man at Paris, will not receive you, if you appear in a *voiture publique.* As I am desirous of being introduced into good society, and shall be compelled to visit some great men, when I reflect on these circumstances, my thoughts are not of the most consolatory nature, I can assure you.

I visited yesterday the gardens of a gentleman about three miles from this city, of which M***** gave you so lofty a description. I must confess that he has not even done justice to it. Every thing of the kind in the United States, must dwindle into insignificance, when contrasted with the labour and magnificence which they exhibit. The owner threw open his house, and permitted us to range thro' every part of it, all in the neatest order imaginable and superbly finished.

My smattering of French is, as you may suppose, of no small service to me. As you know a little of French manners, you will easily conceive that I have had some compliments on this head. The advantages of possessing some knowledge of the language are almost incalculable for a stranger, particularly an American, who meets with few persons that can converse with him in his own. I am already sensible of some progress, and

hope to become no despicable proficient, before I leave the country. I must beg leave to calm the fears, which, I think, we both entertained on the subject of my becoming somewhat foppish, by my intercourse with a foppish nation. I am already convinced, that if any thing is to be apprehended respecting a change of character, it will be in the opposite extreme. I mean to acquire, if I can, some portion of that astonishing ease with which every individual, male and female, mixes in society. It is as necessary to make any figure in the social intercourse of this country, as it is to possess the use of speech.

For the Observer.

Commerce being actually the present rage, not only of individuals but of nations, a knowledge of its interests and bearings on every other subject, is now become necessary to the statesman and lawyer, as well as to the merchant, who is the immediate agent of it. It is, however, *foreign* commerce which seems to occupy most the attention of every man, from the present unconquerable conqueror, down to the ship's-husband of every well rigged pilot boat.

To shew how much the best interests of home trade are neglected, and how easily one state and one city may become the dupe of another, may be seen by several glaring events which have of late occurred in this town, and depredations committed in a legal manner it is true, but calculated, in my mind, to alarm the fears and excite the jealousy of every spruce and sweet scented beau to be found in this large town; and inflicted too, by the enterprizing citizens of a neighbouring city, which boasts of taking the lead in every branch of science and of commerce. Yes, Madam, while these pretty fellows of ours are occupied in importing and vending the products of every other clime, they suffer the first productions of nature to be wrested from them! and seem to regard it with a sneer, in the same manner they are wont to notice a customer, who does no more than examine a piece of dry goods or a cargo of coffee, without purchasing it.

Is this a mark of wisdom? No, Madam, old Solomon condemned it both in theory and practice; and took more real pleasure in storing his vast palace with the fairest productions of his native country, than he did in counting and amassing the gold of Ophar!

I hope, Madam, that the spirit of our young men will be roused, and that they will not suffer any more of those attacks which put us in mind of what the Sabines suffered from the Romans. If they should, and do not make reprisals, our fair towns-women may find themselves obliged to imitate the Amazons!

[TRANSLATED FOR THE OBSERVER.]

From Memoirs of Baron de Besenval, published in 3 vols. 4to. in 1805.

The following anecdote of the Baron de Besenval, whom the history of the first period of the French revolution has made known, will be read with interest..,the circumstance is related in the first volume of his memoirs, it happened while he was yet very young, and reflected much honor on his opening career : "In the war of 1748, a very important post was to be taken. A great many lives had been uselessly lost in attempting to gain it. At length the general resolved to make a new attack upon it, with the flower of his grenadiers : the young Besenval obtained permission of his chief to be of this perilous expedition. The bravery of the Swiss is well known. In spite of the fire which thundered, they approached the redoubt, precipitated themselves into the moat, and endeavoured to climb the parapet ; M. de Besenval gained the first rank ; in a moment he was at the head of the grenadiers ; notwithstanding the most terrible fire, he ascended the wall, climbed up with difficulty, hardly supporting himself on his hands, which were torn and bleeding from the sharp points of the projecting rocks..... Suddenly he turned round to his grenadiers, and said to them with the most piquant vivacity, "Morbleu, comrades, this position is not the most convenient; do you not know if there were not some cannon balls to be had here, we should not be able to hold on." These few words re-animated the soldiers who began to be discouraged ; they re-doubled their ardour and perseverance ; very soon after a dreadful loss of brave fellows, the redoubt was carried ; M. de Besenval jumped first upon the ramparts. It may be supposed that such gallantry did not pass unnoticed. Young Besenval was praised and sought after by his comrades, and advanced by his chiefs ; and the simple and unaffected modesty, the frank gaiety with which he received the just reward of this action, seemed to double its value.

This brave officer was rapidly promoted to the rank of adjutant and lieutenant general. His figure was imposing and his countenance captivating in his youth, and dignified in more advanced life : the loyalty of his old age was equal to the bravery he had shewn in his earlier years. The following trait which is a proof of it, renders the beginning and conclusion of the career of this faithful Swiss happily coincident.

He had momentarily commanded the army which Louis the XVI. had assembled around Paris ; but which this prince had never had resolution to employ ; the constituant assembly endeavoured to have the Baron de Besenval condemned to death, in consequence of the skirmish which had taken place the 12th of July in the place Louis XVI. at Paris, between a detachment of the royal German regiment, and the sansculottes, who carried the bust of the duke of Orleans in triumph. Ac-

cording to the principles consecrated by the assembly, the person of the king was *inviolable* and the generals were to receive orders only from the executive power. When it was therefore decided that the Baron de Besenval should be brought to trial, those engaged in his defence, assembled all the proofs, that could tend to his justification in this affair. M. M. discovered in his researches an order of the king, of the 12th of July 1789, conceived in the following terms: "*the Baron de Besenval, will repulse force, by force.* Signed Louis." His counsel immediately hastened to shew him this, as unswerable evidence. "Shall I exclaimed he, produce this order to them, which they would make use of as another pretext against this unfortunate prince! No, no, gentlemen, save me if you can, but it must be without this;" he then tore the order and threw it in the fire, laughing very much at the consternation of his lawyer, who understood nothing of heroism. However the Baron de Besenval, was ultimately acquitted and died in 1790, aged 70.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

REMARKS ON QURANTINES,

SUGGESTED BY DR. CALDWELL'S ORATION.....*Continued.*

As the present object has no more in view than to offer a few hints, which being new, may promote a spirit of enquiry, I shall restrain myself at present from adducing a number of reflections which might give great strength to what I have suggested. I must however notice that Wilke, in a paper published in the sixth volume of the Essays of the Linnæan Academy, entitled the POLICY OF NATURE, has traced, with a masterly hand, the provision made by the Supreme Author of all things for the perpetuation of every created object. Food is supplied to all, by giving to every species a capacity to encrease beyond what is requisite for their continuance, and by making the superfluity of one a means of subsistence to another. He has taken a cursory view of the vegetable and all the animal world except man, and evinced in the clearest manner that it is by constituting vegetables, the food of animals, and animals the prey of each other, that a just equilibrium is preserved; no one species is thus suffered to transgress the just limit, to which however all tend, by the capacity for multiplication which is given to all.

Man clearly appears to be subjected to the same laws; he is exposed to disease, from a cause wisely invisible, to which millions become annually the victims, and as he is not ostensibly doomed to be the prey of any other species of animals, the superabundance which escape the ravages of disease, are sacrificed at the shrine of war. The reflecting mind, viewing the effects of war in the abstract, must be struck with astonishment

at the influence it has on the human passions. It animates the whole soul ; it is the highest object of man's ambition. To excel in it is the summit of glory. The successful leaders of armies perpetuate their renown through every successive age, and for their offspring to die on the field of battle is often a cause of exultation even to the fondest parents. Here then we see a subversion of the order of nature, as it respects civil society ; this extraordinary propensity cannot be given without an adequate intention to promote the general good. The dreadful carnage which results from war must be for the ultimate benefit of the species, the desire for effectuating it could never be otherwise made so conspicuous a feature in the human character.

If it proves so instrumental in restraining the excessive multiplication of our species, we must perceive in this an end well worthy of the design. This is not the place to enquire into the other benefits resulting from such a propensity. It might perhaps be shewn that most of the improvements of which our intellects are susceptible are in a great measure connected with our ardour in war, with our ingenuity in discovering the means of extensive destruction.

But war must not pass its appointed limits, otherwise our race would experience the fate of the progeny of Cadmus ; who on strewing the serpent's teeth on the ground, had for issue a band of armed men, that instantly rushed upon and slew each other. History abundantly shews, and the experience of many living has evinced, that nations are often vociferous for war, without having any rational view to offer, for entering into such extensive scenes of butchery ; and they are equally clamorous for peace, without being urged by any more obvious necessity.

Peace then is the obstacle to the unbounded ravages of war. Pestilence and epidemic diseases of every kind, have also their appointed boundary ; were it otherwise, that which is intended only to restrain excess, would, as we have observed, lead to extermination. The means of restraint are, in general, as much hidden from our view, as the source from whence they are derived. But as man is possessed of extensive reasoning faculties, and is alive to every appearance of danger, it is natural for him to resort to such means as appear to him best calculated to obviate danger. The efficacy of these means must ever be proportioned to the due exercise of reason. If this is erroneously employed, we cannot hope that the effect should be such as is expected. Europe has long boasted of possessing this faculty more eminently than any other portion of the world, and has ever spoken in contempt of the Asiatics, who, eminently exposed to pestilence, consider it as the result of blind fate, and, as the Mahometan religion, which they generally profess, inculcates, they deem it a crime to employ any means, either for prevention or as a remedy. This may be well suited to so multitu-

dinous a people, and may be best calculated for their peculiar circumstances.

Europe is not so populous. The religion that obtains there, does not countenance the doctrine of fatality, and being more fertile in genius, has been assiduous in forming devices for preventing the introduction, arresting the progress and obviating the evils attendant upon pestilential and every other disorder... But if we are to judge from the effect of their contrivances, we must be brought to acknowledge that they have not been more successful than the Mahometans, who abandon themselves to their fate, without one opposing effort. Indeed it appears that the former have been much more unfortunate than the latter... The Asiatics by tamely submitting, have in no respect added to the evil; they have not cruelly deserted each other in the moments of greatest distress; they have not, by an interdict of communication, heightened the general calamity. The Europeans, on the contrary, have established rigid quarantines, to the enormous burthen of commerce; they have erected barriers against the supply of even the necessaries of life, and they have prohibited all intercourse betwixt those who required and those who were enabled to afford relief. All this has arisen from the notions that have been fastidiously inculcated respecting contagion. The existence of contagion under any circumstance has been questioned by many able advocates. That the plague or the epidemics which have of late years, proved so destructive in the West Indies, in this country, and in some parts of Europe, possess this property, has been positively denied by numerous cotemporary accurate observers.

There are many facts so much in point, that they have not escaped numerous enquiries into the validity of contagion. They cannot be too frequently urged nor too strongly impressed upon the memory of all who direct their attention to this most important object. Doctor Patrick Russell, who has given us a large quarto volume on the plague, and who labours most assiduously to convince his readers that it is contagious, almost commences his work with the following facts.....Chap. II, p. 4, he informs us, that " in the month of April 1759, a large Turkish vessel, laden at Alexandria, and bound for Constantinople, was wrecked in her passage, on the west end of the island of Cyprus...Of the crew who were saved, a great part happened to be infected with the plague, which was first communicated to certain villages on the road to Limsol, a small handsome town on the south side of the island. The town itself was afterwards infected.

" Some of the sailors died in the villages; the rest after a short stay at Limsol, proceeded to Larnica, one of the most considerable towns of Cyprus, where they remained only a few days, till a vessel presented, in which they crossed over to Syria... None of them died in Larnica, though it was known that some

of them actually had the plague." The following paragraph is a very extraordinary one, when coupledwith that which follows it.

"The *contagion* spread with such rapidity at Limsol, that in the month of June, upwards of four hundred persons were reckoned to have died of it. Many of the inhabitants fled to the neighbouring villages, and to the mountains, transporting the *contagion* along with them. But though the plague *shewed itself now and then* in those parts where the fugitives had taken shelter, as well as in other inland villages which had *intercourse* with Limsol, yet it was only in the vicinity of this town, it spread considerably.

The condition of Larnica, at this period was remarkable. It had received part of the infected crew from Limsol. It had maintained *a constant intercourse* with the infected quarters of the island, peasants and mule-drivers from these parts, with the *pestilential sores on their bodies* were daily in the streets and markets ; and some of them *died* in the houses of Larnica. On the 22d of May, a vessel arrived from Damietta, which put on shore, some infected passengers and sailors, who *lodged in the houses and communicated freely with the natives.* Another Turkish vessel from the same place, arrived some time after with infected persons on board, one of whom *died* on landing, at the marine. *Notwithstanding this new importation, none of the inhabitants of Larnica were known to have contracted the plague.* The Europeans, from whom many of the above circumstances were, at the time, carefully kept secret, observed *no precautions* for their own safety ; while the natives consoled themselves with a traditionary notion, that a plague which did not begin in December, was not to be dreaded. He further informs us that the pestilence did not appear amongst the inhabitants of Larnica until the month of February following, nearly eleven months, *notwithstanding the frequency of intercourse by land and by water,* and the number of infected persons who were received into, and many of them died in the apartments of the citizens.—Here we have a strong persuasive to the adoption of quarantines; we are irresistably urged to prohibit all intercourse betwixt inffected, and uninefected cities ! !The diseased and the dying are brought from all quarters, and mingled with the inhabitants, and yet none of them, from these, receive any injury ; but in process of time, after the destroyer had pursued his rout, according to directions not to be discovered, and marked every quarter wherein he appeared, with desolation, he at length reaches Larnica, and then he lays prostrate all before him...From thence the ravages were carried on through all the adjacent parts of the island, each yielding in turn to the tyrannic sway against which all resistance must be inevitably fruitless.

Our author, in the two paragraphs above quoted, made a very extraordinary representation of contagion...what can be more.

capricious than the effects he has attributed to the greatest of human enemies? *The contagion* spread at Limsol, and carried of hundreds daily, whilst it was perfectly harmless at Larnica. It *now and then* shewed itself, where the fugitives took shelter in the country contigious to the former; but its powers were deprived of all influence, however familiarly it was received by the inhabitants of the latter. The difference exactly consists in this, that in what refers to Limsol and its vicinity, Doctor Russel gives what he learned from vague report; in his account of what obtained in Larnica, he was furnished with incontrovertible evidence.

(To be continued.)

[The following is a melancholy and striking instance of the effect of mental agitation in disturbing the powers of reason.]

A German lady of great beauty and accomplishments, having married a Hessian officer, who was ordered to *America*, and not being able to acquire any tidings of him in her own country, came over to *England*. Here, she could only learn the destiny of her husband, from those ships which had either transported troops to the continent, or were bringing back the wounded... Day after day she wandered on the beach at *Portsmouth*, and hour after hour she wearied her eyes bedewed with tears in the vain expectation of seeing him. She was observed, at the same spot, ere it was light, and watched each motion of the waves until the setting sun. Then her haunted imagination presented him mangled with wounds, and the smallest gust of wind seemed to threaten her with an eternal separation. Did a ship enter into port, her eager steps led her to the spot, and many an enquiry was repaid with an insolent rebuff. After eight months spent in this anxious manner, a ship arrived bringing her the melancholy pleasure, "that some Hessian officers, who were "wounded, were on their passage." Her impatience increased daily. A vessel at length arrived reported to have Hessian troops on board. She kept at some distance for fear of giving too great a shock to her husband's feelings, should he be among them. He was landed with others. She fainted, and he was conveyed, she knew not where. Having recovered, and going to the different inns, she found at last her husband. The master of the inn informed her "he was very bad," and she begged that her being in England might be gradually broken to him... When she entered the room, he burst into a flood of tears. A lady was supporting him in her arms. What words, or painter, could represent the tragedy that followed! He had married in *America*, and this person was also his wife. He entreated "pardon," was past reproach, for in a few minutes after he sunk into the arms of death. The lady, whose melancholy history we are recording, rushed from the room, and leaving her clothes and

money at her lodging, she wandered she knew not whither, vowing "that she would never enter house more, or trust to "man." She stopped at last near *Bristol*, and begged the refreshment of a little milk. There was something so attractive in her whole appearance as soon produced her whatever she requested She was young, and extremely beautiful :—her manners graceful and elegant, and her countenance interesting to the last degree.—She was alone—a stranger—and in extreme distress—she asked only for a little milk—but uttered no complaint, and used no art to excite compassion. Her dress and accent bore visible marks that she was a foreigner of superior birth... All the day she was seen wandering in search of a place to lay her wretched head ; she scooped towards night a lodging for herself in an old hay-stack. Multitudes soon flocked around her in this new habitation, attracted by the novelty of the circumstance, her singular beauty, but above all by the suddenness of her arrival. French and Italian were spoken to her, but she appeared not to understand these languages ; however, when she was accosted in *German*, she evidently appeared confused—the emotion was too great to be suppressed, she uttered some faint exclamation in our tongue, and then, as if hurried into an imprudence, she attempted to be also without knowledge of this language. Various conjectures were instantly formed, but what seemed passing strange was her acceptance of no food, except bread or milk, and that only from the hands of females !... On the men she looked with anger and disdain, but sweetly smiled as she accepted any present from the other sex. The neighbouring ladies remonstrated with her on the danger of so exposed a situation, but in vain, for neither prayers nor menaces could induce her to sleep in a house.

As she discovered evident marks of insanity, she was at length confined in a mad house, under the care of Dr. Renaudet, physician at the Hot Wells. On the first opportunity she escaped, and repaired to her beloved hay-stack. Her rapture was inexpressible on finding herself at liberty, and once more safe beneath this miserable refuge.

Beneath a hay-stack LOUISA's dwelling rose,
Here the fair maniac bore four winters' snows.
Here long she shiver'd, stiffening in the blast,
And lightnings round her head their horrors cast.
Dishevel'd, lo ! her beauteous tresses fly,
And the wild glance now fills the staring eye :
The balls fierce glaring in their orbits move ;
Bright spheres, where beam'd the sparkling fires of love,
Ill starr'd LOUISA !

It was nearly four years that this forlorn creature devoted herself to this desolate life, since she knew the comfort of a bed, or the protection of a roof. Hardship, sickness, intense cold, and extreme misery, have gradually impaired her beauty, but she still is a most interesting figure ; and there remains uncommon

sweetness and delicacy in her manner and air; and her answers are always pertinent enough, except when she suspects the question is meant either to affront or ensnare her, when she seems sullen or angry. Some quaker ladies at this time interposed, and Louisa, as she was called, was conveyed to *Guy's Hospital*, where, it is reported, Dr. Saunders, being struck with the fame of the *Pneumatic remedies*, has consigned her wholly to the care of Dr. Thornton, and has requested that physician to confirm his experience in these *new remedies* by participating with him a share of his practice in that hospital.

The person with whom she lodged, upon her death bed divulged the secret of the flight of this stranger from Portsmouth, which corresponds nearly with the time of her arrival near Bristol, and future enquiries have discovered, that she is *"the natural daughter of Francis, Emperor of Germany."*

POLITICAL.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Crimination of all the Powers of Europe.

FRANCE....*(Continued.)*

How many other examples, which would be too long to deduce here, might be added to augment the number and the weight of those I have already cited; since sixty or eighty deputies of the convention were all at once outlawed in 1793, as *federalists*, and for having voted for the appeal to the people before the condemnation of Louis XVI. I shall pass them over in silence, confining myself to citing only a few more traits, to prove that the abundance of the subject can never be exhausted.

Chalier, sent to Lyons for the purpose of organizing a system of terror there, blew out his brains in the midst of the municipality; Ferraud's head was cut off by women in the convention itself.

Gorsas is guillotined, he who rendered himself so ridiculous by publishing, *"that nothing belonged to the King, that even the linen of the ladies of the royal family belonged to the nation."*

Osselin, one of the most clamorous amongst the jacobins, is sent by his colleagues to Bicêtre, one of the vilest prisons for malefactors, from which he is drawn forth to be beheaded, under the vain pretext of his having attempted to escape.

The Deputy Perrin is sent to the gallies, as a monopoliser of wheat, during the scarcity.

Pelletier de St. Fargeau, one of the presidents of the Parliament of Paris, and one of the chiefs of the Orleans party, votes the death of Louis the XVI.; the very next day, one of the King's guards named *Paris*, kills him with the stroke of a sabre.

Chambon, an insignificant mayor of Paris, at the period of the death of Louis the XVI. but who had been the criminal

and base witness of his execution, was massacred by the inhabitants of Tulle, in the province of Limousin.

The Genevan, Claviere, as factious as knavish, had opened to himself the path to become minister of finances ; but it was only very soon to fall amidst the heap of victims, on whom he had brought destruction.

The Deputy Lidon was sent to Chartres, to appease the commotions ; on hearing some voices amongst the croud, cry out *vive le roi*, he blew out his brains, on the balcony of the municipality !

In short amongst the men, who professed more moderate principles than all these, but who were the dupes and instruments of the factions, who made use of their talents and their imprudence to open the way to anarchy ; I cannot forbear naming the Duke de la Rochefoucault, the Count de Clermont-Tonnere,and the parliament judge Freteau, deputies from the nobility to the constituant assembly, as well as Duport du Tertre, who had attained the seat of chief justice : the two first were massacred, and the other two, perished on the scaffold, all four but very little regretted (1) because the well known words of the peasant in the fable, will always be applied to such persons : " why were you found in such bad company ?"(2)

If to render the consequences we would draw from so many facts, more clear, we drect our attention towards the armies, what perpetual assassinations shall we not behold ? shall we not see a croud of general officers fall, now by the hands of the executioner, and then by those of their own soldiers ?

We see in the opening of the first compaign in 1792, M. de Dillon, one of the courtiers loaded with the favours of the court, massacred at Lille in Flanders, by the troops which he commanded against the emigrants.

Very soon general Houchard is guillontined, even at the very moment when he had just forced the Duke of York to raise the siege of Dunkirk in great disorder, and after having been on the point of taking this prince prisoner of war.

The generals, Miacsinsky, Lukner, La Morliere, Brunet, &c. perished on the scaffold.

Foncin and Hauriot commanders of the revolutionary army of Robespierre,(3) with their staff officers ended in the same

(1) Freteau had wanted to act the part of tribune, even in the presence of the king, in the parliament meetings in 1787, to oppose the registering of the royal edicts upon the taxes.

(2) A civil law of Athens condemned those to death who adopted no party in the civil disturbances ; and this law was wise and just ; for generally the *moderate* are only egotists, and ambitious cowards.

(3) The convention had established besides the army of the line, the *corps revolutionaires*, under the title of revolutionary army ; they were composed of wretches, who had nothing of the soldier ; who murdered and plundered wherever they came, and who having each received an hundred dollars at their enrollment, were called, *les heros de 500 francs*.

manner in the midst of Paris, which had at first applauded them, but which they had very soon made tremble.

Amongst others, Sandos, and M. de Biron (ci-devant Duke de Lausun, and an ungrateful favourite of the court) after having served against La Vendeé perished like the first; and Haxo, their colleague, shot himself through the head, that he might not be taken alive by the Vendeans, whom he had made suffer the greatest evils.

General Cherin, former geneagolist to the king, was fired on by his men, and died of the wounds he had received.

Custines, had ordered the archiepiscopal ornaments at Mayence to be burned; he had caused all the clergy who refused to take the *civic oath* to be transported. The convention orderd him to Paris; and not satisfied with cutting off his head, they decapitated also young Custines, who ventured to plead the cause of his father.

The comedian Gramont, who had become general, said after having performed on the *autel de la patrie*,(1) deeds of prowess, worthy of the times; "if there is a God, why does not his accent thunder destroy me at this moment;" this vile and ferocious buffoon, mounted the scaffold very few months after, seeing his son expire, before he had himself lost his sight.

(1) Altar of the country.

For the Observer.

HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

The 25th of April 1603, was born at Huntingdon the celebra- protector Oliver Cromwell. He died in 1658.

The 25th of April 1793, a storm of hail occurred in Jamaica and the hail stones were $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We offer our most cordial thanks to the unknown friend, who has enriched our communication box this week, with an invaluable treasure, in the letter from France that commences the present number; it is written with a degree of vivacity, ease, and acuteness of observation, which does honour to the taste and genius of its writer. As this sensible and elegant traveller pursues his route, his attention must be perpetually awakened, and every line that he pens, will be read with added interest and pleasure. The friend who has thus delighted us with the opening of his correspondence will not certainly mock our hopes, by refusing us the continuance—we shall anxiously look for a second letter, and conjure the friend who so kindly favoured us with the first, in the name of every reader of taste and discernment, not to disappoint our wishes.

ERRATA.

In last political piece see p. 252, line 17, for CABOT, read Chabot
In notes to correspondents, No. 16, page 254, for HIM, read her.

(Just as a specimen of some of the precious morsels, the scampering poets, of whom we have spoken, present us, we publish the following verbatim.)

Dear Mrs. Ironside,

I hope you will excuse the liberty which I, a poor distress'd house in the neighbourhood of Baltimore, take, when I earnestly entreat you to kindly lend your asssistance in bringing this, my complaint and petition, before my proprietor's, or, as I more tenderly style him, father's eyes,—should you find any very great inaccuracy of speech, such as my youth and inexperience make but too probable, I trust that that philanthropy for which the world gives you so much credit, will quickly point out to you, that to correct, and publish, rather than condemn, and throw away these few lines, will be enlarging your power of doing good, and will prove you not only the friend of man, but of this dwelling too.

Dear father, I with modest dread and trembling fear,
Do claim awhile, my tender parent's ear,
To griefs, that in my youthful eyes seem great,
That tempts me oft to reprobate my fate.
But I so much have taunted been, of late,
Told that I stand here, in such mimic state,
That I so saint-like try to reach the skies,
And on poor mortals never bend my eyes.
They say, but father be not here distress'd,
They say I look as if I had been press'd,
I'm liken'd to some ladies who, long, lank, and thin,
Have little on the outside, and still less within.
What tho' they say I should hold up my face,
And that I bear the hon'rable name of C****,
Still am I humbled, by these taunting jeers,
And feel inclin'd to fall about their ears,
For I am modest and right well I know,
That I have not within what "passeth shew,"
Some say in neighbours I am very strong,
And that a friend I never can want long,
But father, I have heard, a friend in need
We may esteem, a very friend in deed,
Broad H— upon my left, so strong, I see,
And on my right, the many window'd G—
Who some folks say, so greedy is of light,
That he inhales it in his back, his front, his left, his right
But this is wandering wide from what I'd say,
Which was to beg thou'd give to me a stay,
Or pair of stays, which some who are refin'd,
Do say, if I to Italy could go, I'd find,
Piazza's were the proper names, for such
Tight, tasty looking things, and useful much,
Who never churlishly, or selfish, lack—
Kind assisting to a striplings back,
Dear father, this I'd have you ponder o'er,
And think how oft I tremble at the winds wild roar,
And sorrowing lest thou soon, aghast, shall see,
Thy darling stretch'd along the ground, a lifeless—

C

Dear sir by Mrs. Ironside, who is so wise,
I trust that this my 'plaint will meet your eyes.

SELECTED

Although the enclosed delicious morceau, entitled "Remonstrance to Winter," has already appeared in one of the late diuurnal prints, P. N. is induced to hope that Mrs. Beatrice will join him in opinion, that its many beauties entitles it to be preserved in a page of the Observer, devoted to select poetry.

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

BY J. MONTGOMERY.

Ah! why unfeeling *Winter!* why,
Still flags thy torpid wing?
Fly, melancholy season, fly
And yield the year to *Spring*.

Spring....the young cherubim of love,
An exile in disgrace,
Flits o'er the scene, like Noah's dove,
Nor finds a resting place.

When on the mountain's azure peak,
Alights her fairy form,
Cold blow the winds—and dark and bleak,
Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair
For shelter and defence,
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
And drives her weeping thence.

She seeks the brook—the faithless brook,
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magic of thy look,
And lingers into stone.

Ah! *Winter*, calm thy cruel rage,
Release the struggling year;
Thy power is past, decrepid sage!
Arise and disappear.

The stars that grac'd thy splendid night
Are lost in warmer rays;
The sun rejoicing in his might,
Unrolls celestial days.

Then why usurping *Winter*, why
Still flags the frozen wing?
Fly unrelenting tyrant, fly—
And yield the year to *Spring*.

She wooes her embryo flowers in vain,
To rear their infant heads:—
Deaf to her voice her flowers remain
Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
Their green luxuriant charms;—
Bare in the wilderness they stand,
And stretch their withering arms.

Her fav'rite birds, in feeble notes,
Lament thy long delay;
And strain their little stammering throats,
To charm thy blasts away.

The price of this paper is Five Dollars per ann. to be paid in advance.